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Richard Wagner in Paris.

(Translated from French and German papers for this Journal.)

III. WAGNER'S ANSWER TO THE CRITICISM OF BERLIOZ.*

MY DEAR BERLIOZ,—When fate brought us together five years ago in London, I flattered myself on having so far the advantage over you, that I could fully understand and appreciate your works, whereas you on your part could form but an imperfect idea of mine, since you did not know the German language, to which my dramatic creations stand in so intimate a relation.

To-day I see myself compelled to renounce this modest advantage. For eleven years I have had no opportunity of enjoying the interpretation of my own works; and I have had quite long enough the satisfaction of being the only German, who has not yet heard a performance of the *Lohengrin*.

No ambitious plans, no hope of pecuniary gain have induced me to entreat a hospitable reception for my works in France. I have been actuated solely by the wish of seeing my musical dramas brought out here with a French text; and if the public had the friendliness to lend its sympathy to one, who has to take so much pains only to bring his own works for once to a hearing, I should surely also have on my part, my dear Berlioz, the satisfaction of being understood by you.

The article in the *Journal des Débats*, which you have had the kindness to devote to my concerts, contains not only very flattering things for me, for which I render you my thanks: it gives me also the opportunity, which I embrace with eagerness, of laying before you some summary explanations about what you call "Music of the Future," with which you have felt called upon to entertain your readers in so serious a manner.

You think then that this name really represents a school, of which I am the head? That I, one fine day, proposed to myself to lay down certain principles, certain theses, which you divide into two categories: of which the first, accepted unconditionally by you, includes truths that have long been recognized by everybody; of which the second, which meets your disapproval, consists of a mere string of absurdities?—To tax me with the ridiculous vanity of undertaking to give out old principles for new, or with the foolish presumption of setting up as irrefragable principles things which in all languages are called absurdities, is at the same time to mistake my character and to insult the small mite of intelligence which Heaven has allotted to my share. Your explanations in this regard, allow me to say it, have seemed to me not altogether clear; and since I perfectly well know your friendly sympathy, you certainly will deem it desirable that I should extricate you from your doubt, (with all respect) your error.

*We have to take it from the German version in the *Leipzig Neue Zeitschrift*. It appeared originally in *La Presse Théâtrale*, Feb. 26.

Learn, then, my dear Berlioz, it is not I, but much rather Professor Bischoff, of Cologne, who is the inventor of the "Music of the Future." The occasion for the origin of this empty expression was afforded by the publication of one of my works under the title: *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, about ten years ago. This book springs from a time when serious events had for a considerable time forbidden me the exercise of my art: when my mind, strengthened by experience, gathered itself up in the deeper study of the Art problems, whose solution had at all times been my aim.

But I was led to writing in the following manner: In the year 1848 I was confounded by the incredible want of appreciation which the Revolution brought to light for Art, which, had the social reform succeeded, would have been ended at a blow. When I searched into the causes of this under-valuation, I found, to my great astonishment, they were almost the same which lead you, my dear Berlioz, to let no opportunity slip by, without giving loose reins to your ironical humor in the domain of public Art arrangements; and I shared without more ado your own conviction, that it is the institutions of this art, the Theatre in general and the Opera in particular, which in their relation to the public depend upon influences, which run directly counter to all pure, true Art. There Art in fact is only a pretext, under which, with all due maintenance of outward decency, one may profitably flatter the most frivolous lusts of a metropolitan public.

I went further. I asked myself, what would have to be the conditions, under which Art might inspire the public with an irresistible esteem; and, not to venture out too far in the investigation of this problem, I took my point of departure in ancient Greece. There above all I met the work of Art *par excellence*, the Drama, in which the idea, be it ever so exalted, ever so low, can express itself with the greatest clearness, in the most comprehensive and most spirited manner. No wonder we in our day are astonished, how thirty thousand Greeks could follow with an abiding interest the tragedies of Æschylus; but when we seek for the means, whereby we might attain to similar results, we find that it lies in the union of all co-operating arts to one common end, namely, the creation of the complete and only true Art work. That led me on to study the single branches of Art in their relations to one another, and after I had found in this way the relation that subsists between Sculpture and the Mimic Art, I sought for that between Music and Poetry: out of this investigation there suddenly broke forth rays, which totally dispelled the darkness that had hitherto disquieted me.

I perceived, that just at the point, where one of these arts comes against insuperable limits, just there with strictest certainty the efficacy of another art begins; that consequently through the union of these two arts one can express with most apprehensive clearness that which each art by itself would not have power to represent;

that on the contrary every attempt to reach by means of one of these arts what could only be executed by the two united, must necessarily lead to obscurity, and in the next place to confusion, and then to the degeneracy and corruption of each separate art.

Accordingly I sought to point out the possibility of producing a work, in which whatever of deepest and of highest the human soul can apprehend, may be brought near to the most ordinary understanding, without any need of reflection or of critical expositions—and that is what I designated by the name: *Kunstwerk der Zukunft* (Art-work of the Future).

Judge then, my dear Berlioz, what I must have felt, to find now, after a period of ten years, how—not one of the light and superficial people, one of the dealers in conceits, the word-manufacturers, the bravos of literature, no, but how an earnest man, a prominent artist, a critic of your insight and your culture, of your *noblesse*, nay more, how a *friend*, could be so strangely in error about the meaning of my ideas, as not to hesitate to label my work with that ridiculous name: "Music of the Future."

Well now, my dear Berlioz: since my book in the original, as it stands, will probably remain an unknown thing to you, please do me the friendly service to trust me on my own plain word, that it contains none of those absurdities, which have been ascribed to me, and that I have in no way spoken in it on the question of musical grammar. My thought reaches somewhat further, and since I am no theorist by profession, I had to leave it to others to treat this subject, as well as the childish question whether it is permitted or not, in matters of harmony or of melody to discover a new turn (*faire du néologisme*).

To-day, I confess to you, I am almost tempted to regret the publication of that book. And if, as I have just again experienced, the best informed and most enlightened critics can let themselves be so far carried away by the prejudices of ignorant dilettantism, as, during the performance of works thus submitted to their judgment, to insist that they perceive nothing in them but things which are not found there, while the essential and fundamental idea escapes them—how can I hope that the philosophically cultivated artist, the æsthetic thinker can be any better understood by the public, after he has not even been understood by Professor Bischoff in Cologne.

But I have already said too much on this head. I have explained to you what "Music of the Future" was. I hope that we shall soon, under perfectly equal conditions, understand each other mutually. Allow this hospitable France to afford an asylum to my musical dramas; I on my part await with the liveliest impatience the production of your "Trojan Women," with an impatience which is thrice justified; first by the inclination which I cherish toward you; then by the significance which your work will no doubt assume in the musical world of the present; and finally, still more by the peculiar weight which I attach

to it in relation to the ideas and principles which constantly have guided me.

RICHARD WAGNER.

Spohr's Letters from Paris.

(From Alexander Mallibran's Louis Spohr. Sein Leben und Wirken, Frankfurt-am-Main. J. D. Sauerland's Verlag. 1890).

II.

Paris, 31st December, 1820

A very agreeable fortnight has elapsed, since my first letter was despatched, and we have heard and seen much that is beautiful since then; but, for the present, I must content myself with writing to you only about what is more immediately connected with my art. I have now made my *début* before artists and *dilettanti*, connoisseurs and laymen, as violinist and composer—first at Herr Baudiot's, first violoncello of the Royal chapel; the next day at Kreutzer's; and then at three parties. On the first two occasions, hardly any person but artists were present: at Kreutzer's especially there were nearly all the distinguished composers and fiddlers of Paris. I gave several of my quartets and quintets, and, on the second day, my *nocturne*. The composers paid me a great many compliments on my compositions, and the fiddlers on my play. Of the latter, Viotti, both the Kreutzers, Baillot, Lafont, Habeneck, Fontaine, Guérin, and many others, whose names are not so well-known in Germany, were present; so you perceive that it was a grand occasion, and that I had to exert myself to the utmost, to do honor to my countrymen. The parts for the wind instruments in my *nocturne* were played by the five artists, of whose masterly execution of Reicha's quintets you must often have read in the accounts from Paris. I had the pleasure of hearing them play two of these quintets, but shall defer writing to you in detail about them, till I am acquainted with more of them. At the unanimous request of the artists present, we were obliged to repeat my *nocturne* the same evening; and if my fellow performers had surprised me the first time by the readiness with which they played this difficult piece of music *a prima vista*, they satisfied me far more when the piece was repeated, by entering into and rendering its spirit. The young pianist, Herz, of whom, also, you must have read in the musical chit-chat of Paris, played twice in the course of the evening—first, variations of his own on a theme from *Die Schweizerfamilie*, and then Moscheles' well known variations on the *Alexander March*. The extraordinary manual skill of this young man is astonishing; but in his case, as well as in that of all the young artists here whom I have as yet heard, technical culture seems to have preceded mental cultivation; he would otherwise have given something more sterling than these break-neck, tricky things, in a society where none but professionals were present. It is, however, a striking fact that all here, old and young, endeavor to distinguish themselves only by mechanical dexterity; and people in whom, perhaps, there are the germs of something better, devote all their powers, for whole years, to practising a single piece of music, which, as such, frequently does not possess the slightest value, in order to perform it in public; that, by such a course, the mind must be killed, and that such people can become nothing much better than musical automata, is easily conceivable. The consequence is that you seldom or never hear a serious, sterling piece of music, such as a quartet or quintet of our great masters for instance; every one rides his own hobby; there is nothing but *Airs variés*, *Rondos favoris*, *Nocturnes*, and such like trifles, while the singers give you only romances and little duets; and, however incorrect and insipid all these things are, they never miss producing their effect, provided only they are rendered smoothly and sweetly. Poor in such pretty nothings, I come second best off with my serious German music, and in such musical parties I feel, not unfrequently, like a man speaking to people who do not understand his language; for though I often hear the praise which is awarded, by some one or other of the audience, to my play, extended to the composition, I cannot be proud of it, since, immediately afterwards, the same eulogiums are bestowed upon the most trivial things. I blush at being praised by such connoisseurs. It is exactly the same in the theatres; the great mass, who set the fashion, are completely unable to distinguish the worst from the best; they hear *Le Jugement de Midas*, with the same ecstasy as *Les Deux Journées*, or *Joseph*. One does not require to be here long, to come over to the oft-expressed opinion that the French are an unmusical people. Even the artists here think so, and frequently reply, when I speak of Germany in relation to this point: "Ay, music is loved and understood there, but not here." This explains how, in Paris, good music may be unsuccessful when connected with a bad piece, and wretched music

prove a great triumph when united to a good piece. This fact has deprived me of all the desire to write for any of the theatres here, as I formerly wished to do; for, apart from the fact that, as a young composer, I should have to begin again, since, with the exception of a few things for the violin, my compositions are little or not at all known here, and, furthermore—apart from the fact that I should have to battle my way through a thousand cabals, which, would be doubly formidable, on account of my being a foreigner, before I could get my work produced—I should, after all, though conscious of having written good music, not be certain of the result, which as I have already said, depends here almost entirely upon the book. This is evident from the criticisms in the papers on new operas, where the writer speaks for pages about the libretto, while the music is merely mentioned casually in a few words. Were it not so lucrative to write for the theatres here, it is long since any good composer would have devoted himself to the task. On account, however, of the large sum an opera, if successful, brings in a man for his lifetime, new works are produced nearly every day; poet and composer are thinking incessantly of new effects; but, meanwhile, they do not neglect to work the public, by means of the papers, for months, to provide on the evening of representation a due number of *claqueurs* in the pit, in order, by all this preparation, to secure for their work a brilliant reception, and, by frequent performances of it, to obtain, in the end, rich profits. Were only half as much to be gained by an opera in Germany, we should soon be as rich in distinguished composers for the stage as we now are in instrumental composers, and it would no longer be necessary to transplant to our stage foreign productions, frequently so unworthy the artistic education of Germans.

That, after a stay of three weeks, we have visited each of the theatres repeatedly, is a matter of course. I am doubly glad of this, since, on account of the increase of my acquaintances, my engagements for the days and evenings have so accumulated, that we should be able to dedicate very few evenings in the course of the next fortnight to the theatre. I do not write anything about the Théâtre-Français, the Odéon, and the four small theatres, because they offer nothing remarkable in a musical sense. In the first two, you hear only *Entr'actes*, and in the two others scarcely any thing but vaudevilles. That pieces of this kind (which, thanks to Apollo and the Muses, have as yet been translated to no other country) are here so exceedingly popular, that four theatres play them almost exclusively, proves most convincingly that the French are unmusical; for the sacred art cannot be abused more shamefully than in these songs, which are neither sung nor spoken, but blurted out in intervals, diametrically opposed to the melody marked down, and to the accompanying harmony. All Frenchmen of taste, though, agree in saying that these vaudevilles, formerly given at one theatre only, smother, by their extension, the feeling for true music more and more, and thus exert a highly injurious effect on artistic progress. We have visited each of these theatres once, in order to see the celebrated comic actors, Brunet, Pothier, and Perlet, but we shall not, I think, make up our minds to pay a second visit, since the enjoyment these artists cause, by their wit and inexhaustible humor, is too dearly purchased by hearing such bad music. A thing which I found very remarkable in these theatres was the skill with which the bands manage to follow the singer, who does not pay the slightest attention to the tune, or the value of the notes. But this is their greatest merit; in other respects they are but middling. We have, however, been to the Italian Theatre several times, and had many an artistic treat there. Yesterday we at last heard *Don Juan*, after it had been allowed to lie by for rather a long time. The house was crammed, as at the previous performances, hundreds being unable to find places, even half an hour before the opera began. I was inclined to think the Parisians had, at length, comprehended the classic excellence of the work, and thronged, in continually increasing crowds, to enjoy it; but I soon relinquished this opinion, on perceiving that the most magnificent pieces in the opera, the first duet, the quartet, the grand sextet, and many others, passed over without producing any effect on the audience, while only two pieces were greeted with tumultuous applause, which, however, was intended more for the singers than for the composer. These two pieces, which were asked for *da capo* on each occasion, were the duet between Don Juan and Zerlina: "Reich mir die Hand, mein Leben," and the aria of Don Juan, "Treibt der Champagner," the first, because Herr Garcia wants depth, transposed to B flat, and the latter actually a tone higher, to C. Mad. Mainville-Fodor, who, no doubt was well aware that Zerlina's pieces would please the Parisians more than anything else in the

opera, very wisely chose this part, and the result shows that she calculated correctly. What does it matter to her that the opera is cast most faultily, if she is only greeted with tumultuous applause? This, however, the connoisseur can only allow her to merit by forgetting that she plays the part of a peasant girl, and by entirely renouncing all truth of portrayal, for she decks out the simple strains of her part with a number of high-trotting ornaments, which, however magnificently she executes them, are here doubly exceptionable, firstly, because they are altogether out of place in Mozart's music, and secondly, because they do not agree with the character of her part. If we leave these out of consideration, it certainly is an unusual treat to hear this part, which, in Germany, is generally given to the third lady, sung here by the first, and one, moreover, so distinguished. Herr Garcia, as Don Juan, gave us too much of a good thing. Whenever he can, by any means, manage it, he is ready with some ornament an ell long. Such ornamentation is most out of place in the serenade, where the figured mandolin accompaniment forbids even the simplest. In spite of this, however, he runs about in the wildest fashion, and, in order to do so, has the *tempo* taken very slowly. To make up for this, however, he sings his air, "Treibt der Champagner" incomparably, and I confess I never heard it so well given. The fluent Italian language is, however, of great service to him, and instead of his breath failing him, as it generally does our German singers, his strength goes on increasing to the very end.

The other parts were, on the whole, well cast; at any rate, none were badly so; and it must be thankfully allowed that every one exerts himself to the utmost to do honor to the work. We may, too, be very well satisfied with the performance, if we only forget what we have a right to expect from such a distinguished body of artists. Thus much, however, soon becomes evident to a German, namely, that these singers, who give modern Italian music, especially Rossini's, with the greatest perfection, cannot execute Mozart's with the same degree of excellence—it is of too different a sort. The effeminate, sweet style, quite in keeping with the former, weakens too much the energetic character, which is more peculiar to *Don Juan* than to any other of Mozart's operas.

The orchestra, which the Parisians always call the first in the world, displayed, at any rate, some few weak points this evening. In the first place, the wind instruments were twice most strikingly deficient, and, secondly, the whole body was so unsteady, several times, that the conductor was obliged to have recourse to beating time. I am now still more strengthened in my conviction that a theatrical orchestra, however excellent, should not, on account of the great distance between the two ends, be conducted otherwise than by beating time, and that it is not advisable for the conductor himself to play, not even when, as Herr Grasset did, he continually marks the time by the movements of his body and by his violin. The orchestra is, however, justly celebrated for the discretion with which it accompanies the singers, and might, in this respect, serve as a model for all the other Parisian orchestras, as well as for many German ones.

The chorus, also, is admirable, and produced an especially strong and magnificent effect in the concluding allegro of the first finale. But why was this allegro, here too, as in most other places, taken with such immoderate quickness? Do conductors never reflect that they only impair instead of increasing its strength, and that the triplet-figures of the violins, which are intended to give life and movement to the broad masses, can no longer, with such frantically rapid time, be brought out distinctly and vigorously, so that all the public at last hears consists merely of skeleton-like outlines, without anything to fill them up, instead of the living whole?

When any one hears the effect of so magnificent a piece of music lessened by a false tempo, he must again feel an earnest wish that, at length, the marking of the *tempi* should be universally determined in Mälzel's or Weber's manner (or, still better, in both). It is true that the conductors would then be obliged to conform conscientiously to this plan, and not, as they do at present, unreservedly follow their own feeling.

Mozart—Child and Man.

(Continued from page 28.)

No. 82.

Wolfgang Mozart to his Sister.

Bologna, September 22nd, 1770.

I hope that our mother is well, as also yourself; and I desire for the future that you will answer my letters more regularly, for it is easier to answer than to find things to say of one's own.

The six minuets of Haydn please me more than the first twelve. We have been obliged to play them very often to the Countess, and we should like to introduce the taste for German minuets into Italy, for their minuets will soon become as long as entire symphonies. Forgive me for writing so badly; I am in haste, otherwise I am capable of doing better.

No. 83.

Mozart to his Wife.

Bologna, September 29th, 1770.

We are extremely sorry to hear such bad news of our good Martha. I pray God to strengthen her. But what is to be done? We think of her all the day long.

Wolfgang has commenced to-day the recitatives of his opera.

P. S. of Wolfgang.—I will add a few words just to fill up the letter. I pity poor Martha with all my heart, ill for so long a time and yet so patient. I trust, with God's help, she will recover her health; if not, one must not grieve too much, because God's will is always best, and God knows better than us, whether it is best for her to stay in this world or to go to the other one; let her cheer up then, but who knows but that she may suddenly see the same change for fine weather.

No. 84.

The Same to the Same.

Bologna, Oct. 6th, 1770.

We have been in town for five days; we were at the fête of St. Petronius, which is celebrated magnificently here in the immense church dedicated to this saint. A musical service is got up, in which all the musicians in Bologna take part. We ought to have left here on Tuesday for Milan; but there is something here which will detain us. It is "something," if it comes to pass, will do great honor to Wolfgang.

The father, Martini, has received the method for violin that you sent him; we are the best friends in the world. He has finished the second part of his work; I shall bring back the two parts. We go every day to see him, and have long dissertations historico-musical.

So you have had three concerts, and have not invited us! Very well. We should have appeared like phantoms, and vanished in the same style.

P. S. from Wolfgang.—Why was I not with you, to amuse myself with you! I hope Martha is better. I played the organ to-day at the Dominicans; my remembrances to all the small Therasas.* To all our friends inside the house, and out of it, my compliments. I should like to hear the symphonies of the Berehl Garden and contribute my quota of trumpet and life. I saw and heard the grand ceremony of Saint Petronius at Bologna. It was fine, but long; they were obliged to play trumpets from Lucca to play flourishes, but they played in an abominable manner.

*The 15th of October, St. Theresa's day.
(To be Continued.)

Musical Intelligence.

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella," of the *Palladium*, this week, tells us:

The Mendelssohn Choral Club, consisting of twenty-four voices, gave a concert on Friday evening, at Washburn Hall, for the purpose of assisting the High School in its purchase of a new piano. It was under the auspices of Mr. B. D. Allen, who conducted the performances with signal success. The 42d Psalm of Mendelssohn was given exceedingly well for an amateur society, with piano, harmonium and orchestral accompaniment, and lacked only the important requisite of a larger hall for so powerful a chorus. The solos were well sung—although we like not so much of the *tremolo* as obtains among many singers—and the choruses were taken with readiness. The work is dramatic in character, and has an air of oriental magnificence which we often remark in much of Mendelssohn's music, very pleasing at first, but we do not yet know how well calculated to endure. The full choruses need the help of distance between choir and auditor to bring out their entire significance. They do not carry us along with them like those of Handel, by force of grand, natural eloquence in which the art of the composer is best seen where most concealed. Instead, we find ourselves having a care lest even the singers themselves get entangled in the mazes of counterpoint and fugue. Still, we were glad to hear the work and, for it, thank Mr. Allen and his effective Choral Club. The Fifth Symphony was performed as a piano duet by Mr. Allen and Mrs. Dame, who gave it most effectively. One seldom hears such piano

performance of Beethoven. Each movement, phrase, and shade of expression, was distinct and clear. The Meditation upon the 1st Prelude of Bach, for violin, harmonium and piano, a meritorious work of no small interest, opened part third of the programme, and was followed by a Bolero by Chopin, gracefully, artistically performed; a pretty song by Möhring, with violoncello obbligato, and portions of a very beautiful sonata of Mozart with string accompaniments, which concluded this concert so highly creditable to Mr. Allen and his associates.

NEW YORK.—Fry, in the *Tribune*, thus remarks on the production at the Academy of Music of "Moses in Egypt,"—which opera, by the way, was given many years ago in Italian here in Boston, by the first Havana troupe, with Mme. Ranieri, Sig. Perelli, Vita, &c.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—ROSSINI'S MOSES IN EGYPT.—The drama when it was favored by the Church presented many religious subjects, with a mythological objectivity which would now startle the spiritual sanctions of a Protestant community. The church, in this, however, was a rival of the secular drama which never died out as all the received authorities on the dark ages tell us, but flourished under the Troubadours and Minstrels in a simple child-like form. In these early church dramas, as in the ecclesiastical paintings, no immaterial character, however awful, even Omnipotence itself, was deemed beyond the sphere of representation in the flesh. But with the growth of Protestantism the religious drama was extinguished and the Oratorio took its place. It was deemed impious to offer Biblical characters on the stage, but in the concert-room in citizen's dress they could be represented. The first attempts to invade this Anglo-Protestant custom shocked the sense of the American audiences. Méhul's "Joseph" was denounced, in so far as its characters were drawn from the Scriptures. Rossini's "Moses" was at first inadmissible on the English stage, and was given as an oratorio, for which it was not designed. The plastic character of our people, however, made them by degrees accept Biblical subjects in the opera. "Moses," with certain of the mysteries left out, was played in English in several American cities beside being performed by the operatic pioneers of the United States, the French company in New Orleans. Its success in English on the stage was very halting, and it was withdrawn. After an interval of many years it has been brought forward at the Academy in the Italian language. The version differs somewhat from the original score, which opens with the scene of the darkness spread over Egypt. The plot is very simple, or rather it is no plot at all, the libretto being very feeble. The miraculous events consociated with the efforts of the Israelites to effect their exodus, are mixed with a watery love-story, devoid of life or logic in such company, and as out of place as a declaration in a pew. If Brignoli cannot make love—as Pharaoh's son—in the middle of such difficulties, he is not to be blamed; and if Miss Patti, as a sugar-plum of a Jewess, dressed in the most heart-rending style, can only hang down her head, or raise it to emit a lot of fast notes—but cannot effect characterization, it is not her fault, as there is nothing to represent. If Pharaoh has no dramatic action, Ferri is not to be condemned. The only approximation to a character is Moses by Susini. The presence of this artist is magnificent, and his efficient declamation and singing leave nothing to be desired. The music of the whole opera is very admirable and beautiful; the composer has compensated himself for the defects of the poet. Never was the illustrious Rossini brighter or more fluent than in this work. He has exhibited the style of florid music which he perfected, for he gave new life to the style which Gluck essayed to kill—namely the ornate, or many notes to a few syllables—in contradistinction to the declamatory, which is a musical note for each syllable or therabouts. With this basis, and with the highest gift for melody, Rossini ruled the musical world of Europe. But in those, beside the florid, there is as beautiful music of various styles, recitative, and large and grand strains, as was ever imagined. The lyrics assigned to the Prophet are without flaw. The quartet *Mi manca la voce* is of incomparable beauty in its kind; the finale of the third act is immense for its vigor. Great and various merits are found through the instrumentation. In addition to the artists mentioned, the charming Miss Patti, etc., the good success of Mme. Strakosch as Mrs. Pharaoh may be indicated. She looked the Egyptian-imperial. The orchestra is excellent—led by Mr. Muzio. There are some picturesque scenes. The miracle of the Red Sea is good except the waves, which are too much of the pointed order of damp architecture. The wave-makers should take a few lessons in salt-water. The scene of the land of

Canaan is a charming view, and might inspire equally emigrants now as then.

ESSEX, MASS.—A music teacher in this town communicates to the *Salem Observer*, the following account of an "infant musical prodigy."

Martha Story is a child of Mr. Andrew Story 2d, of Essex, and was three years of age the 16th of November last.

I am a music teacher, and have boarded in Mr. Story's family since last September. Previous to that time little Martha had never heard playing on the piano or melodeon, though she had one of the latter instruments. She could sing well at the age of one year. When I had been with her a few days, I observed her trying to play the air of "Greenville." It struck my fancy that I might teach her to play it, with both hands, in the course of two or three months; but instead of months it was only two or three days, when by my playing it over a few times with her fingers, she could play it alone. I taught her two or three tunes in the same way; and in a month she commenced to play by imitating what she heard played; and showing her on the bass she improved every day. On the 11th of January, she ran from her play to the Melodeon—stood, and blew the bellows with her foot, and played "Oh Susanna," for the first time, with both hands, as well as any one could, and at the same time looking out of the window. She can now play almost any tune she hears in the same way. She never looks on her hands while she is playing. Her time and accent are very good. She has played tunes by only hearing them two or three times, and can play on any key and get the right bass the first time.

She has quite an idea about composing;—almost every day she will play chords of four parts, (or as she calls it, "making up tunes,") and give strains that are very pleasing. She has made eight or nine tunes that are very pretty; and she could play in the dark or blindfolded.

She could play a March on the key of "C natural;" and while I was giving a lesson to her sister on the same March, in a duet in the key of "F, one flat," Martha jumped into her sister's lap, and played it with me in the same key that her sister had been playing, without making any mistake.

She can lie in my lap, with her head thrown back, and looking away from the Melodeon, play the air, while I play the bass, and change her hands several times in the tune,—that is, play one measure with the right, and the next with the left hand, and not break the time of the tune.

She has played in public three or four times to large audiences, and seemed quite indifferent to the people, looking at them all the time while she played.

A concert was given in this town on Fast-day evening, for the purpose of showing her. She played about thirteen or fourteen times, with as much willingness as an older person, almost every time blowing the bellows herself, sitting in a chair or standing. She ended the concert by playing "Good night," while the others sang.

She seems very bright in other things;—has great power of imitation, and a good memory—if we wish her to play a tune we have only to tell her the name.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL.—A flood of concerts, far worthier of notice than last winter's, has poured through the season, especially in March; but there have been almost more concert-givers than auditors, and nearly all the virtuosos from abroad have gone off disappointed, empty in purse and uncheered by applause. That was partly because so many little singing societies had been formed, and every society wanted to produce itself in public; particularly each director, like a little Pope-ling, longed to taste the pleasure of flourishing the baton, like a triumphator, at the head of a dozen picked up chorus singers, to the envy possibly of rival societies, and of serving up his own firstling composition to an "invited public." They all here want: 1, to direct; 2, to compose; 3, to teach singing; 4, to produce themselves with their achievements before the public. The poor concert-giver has perhaps had his head turned by a couple of old aunts, telling him how finely he composed or sang; and then indeed it is too tempting to taste the sweetness of publicity, so swiftly changed to bitterness, especially considering the perpetual conflict with

the proverbial capriciousness of the Berliners; for commonly after a year's time you hear nothing more of the newly baked director, or of his society, which soon falls asleep. In Berlin, it is easy enough for a child to call a new thing into life; but to keep it alive, in an age so blasé, lifeless, and characterless, is harder than to hold quicksilver in the hand.

The Royal Opera had learned two new works: *Christine von Sweden*, composed by the Hofintendant Count von Redern, a dilettante who deserves well of music, and who must be regarded with indulgence if he once more vouchsafes to the public the effusions of his leisure hours; and the comic opera, *Die Weiber von Weinsberg*, by Schmidt, Theatre-kapellmeister in Mayence. The latter work contains many proofs of talent and routine musicianship; on the other hand the melodic thoughts are seldom held and carried out, so that one is not quite allowed to enjoy them. The comic pieces are the happiest and best rounded off; the instrumentation scarcely ever lifts itself above the ordinary kapellmeister routine. On the whole, the music does not reach that of Lortzing, still less that of Dittersdorf.

In Spontini's *Vestalin* Fräulein de Ahna sang the high-priestess in the place of Johanna Wagner. The pure, correct and telling quality of her voice, particularly in the upper register, was in her favor. On the contrary in freedom of characterization, in vital warmth of expression, in classical repose of play and dramatic soul she was far behind her predecessor. In the *Prophète*, Fräulein de Ahna played Fides for the first time. The voice sounded young and fresh, and agreeable, and developed a large compass, the upper tones full and beautiful. At first she had to contend with embarrassment and uncertainty of dramatic situation. The simple, heart-felt motives sounded beautifully; but her hearing and mimic expression remained much too cold. In the duet with Bertha and in the scene in the cathedral there were single moments which rose to real artistic significance; especially where the Prophet compels the mother to kneel, the lively applause, which rose to the pitch of calling out, was fully justified.

The performance of Mozart's *Zauberflöte* could, in the principal parts, be called a success. Herr FRICKE's rendering of Sarastro, by its dignified coloring, supported that night by his peculiarly sonorous and flexible voice, won him a call before the curtain. Frau KOESTER, as the Queen of Night, was in less fortunate condition; especially by the side of the sweet and musical voice of Frau WIPFART in Pamina, the roughness of her (Koester's) voice gave the Queen only the faded splendor of her dignity. The bird-catcher, Papageno, found a capital representative in Herr KRAUSE. The Tamino of Herr KRUEGER has developed itself into much more freedom, but more uniformity of singing and of action is still to be desired. The execution of the splendid male choruses was masterly and received lively applause.

In *Die Stumme von Portici* ("Masaniello"), the part of Masaniello remains one of the best of Herr FORMES. Just this certain downright manner is suited to him and makes his rendering of the plain fisherman very natural. The slumber song, so difficult because it follows right after a longer arduous part in the fourth act, Herr FORMES sang with the most melting tenderness of his fine voice and with faultless delivery. Frau TUCZEK took all pains to do justice to the part of the Princess; but her voice (after an astonishingly long and distinguished service) leaves her now so often in the lurch, that the struggle with the intractable organ becomes painful. The great chorus a *capella*, the prayer before the outbreak of the revolution, was sung remarkably well and made as usual the liveliest impression on the public. In spite of Anber's often frightful awkwardness in instrumentation, especially in the working out of themes, &c., this opera remains unquestionably his most genial conception, and has already, through

its exciting melodies, given an impulse to three revolutions, to-wit, in Warsaw, Brussels, and Paris or Dresden.

In *Fidelio* Frau Koester exhibited again the most inspired abandon; and the freshness, indeed voluptuousness, of an organ which has been exerted for so many years was astonishing. Always victorious, it is just in this opera that it puts almost all others in the shade, since Beethoven's manner of writing for the male voices is a most unfavorable one; also the too symphonic treatment of the orchestra splits up the vocal forces too much and too seldom suffers them to tell with their full tone. Only our old veteran, Herr ZIESCHE, as Rocco, remains unshattered; on the contrary, of Herr SALOMO, as the Governor, we remark very little, with the exception of his masterly acting. The same of Herr KRÜGER as Florestan, who with his fine, voluptuous tenor voice holds too much back and seldom becomes animated enough to cause his hearers any real enjoyment. He would be a much more useful singer, with his otherwise so good intention, if he would every time first sing his voice into good working order before coming upon the stage; for it usually begins to acquire metal and clearness only in the third act, (and unfortunately there is none in *Fidelio*).

The performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is commonly a festival for the worshippers of Shakspeare and Mendelssohn; but it has unfortunately lost much in comparison with what it was ten years ago. Not only did the two pairs of lovers play in a terribly tedious and unpleasant manner; but the scenery also was so neglected, that a multitude of awkwardnesses disturbed the eye and for the most part dissipated the illusion of the ethereal halo which both Shakspeare and the, at that time, still fresh youth of Mendelssohn, in the exuberance of fancy, lent to this lovely dream picture. The female singers employed for the fairy chorus, instead of being disguised from head to foot, presented themselves in all their solid everyday reality; instead of seeking out the thinnest voices for the soli in the choros, the first solo especially was taken by a singer, who spelt it off with her incongruous voice, bit by bit, in the most homespun fashion. Moreover the Kapelle (orchestra), so often decimated by the economical system of our royal management, was guilty of frequent carelessness and confusion, especially in the splendid march.

The Italian opera, at the new Victoria theatre, as luxuriously built as it is already deeply in debt, closed its performances with a ragout from four different operas, with a crowded audience, after competing very successfully through the greatest part of the winter with the Royal Opera. If the new Italian singing school no more affords such full, significant voices, as the once celebrated old conservatories, still their flexibility, intonation and declamation on the one hand, and the fire they breathe into the most trivial and absurd librettos, may be commended to the imitation of German singers. Signora ARTOT and the tenor de CARRION distinguished themselves particularly; also Signor FRIZZI is a genuine Italian buffo; while one or two German make-shifts, for example, "Signora" HUEFFEL and "Signora" EXIG made an ominous contrast to the real Italians. We also heard a Frau SAEMANN de PAEZ from Venezuela, formed in the Italian school—a German beauty, by the way, born in Königsberg. She too found many admirers, (as the Germans labor under the dangerous infirmity of praising all that is foreign, if it only imposes somewhat on them; and hence a German singer is only esteemed when he has been formed—or deformed—in Paris). And so Frau Sämann excited enthusiasm in various ways, what with her brilliant neck-breaking throat facility, although in the *cantilena* she cannot sing a single measure entirely through, unmarred by some brilliant flash or other.

In the flood of concerts the most important have

been the four subscription concerts of music-director RADECKE, eked out with virtuosi from abroad; for instance, DAWIDOFF, violoncellist from Moscow, HARLWIGSON, pianist from Copenhagen, the violinists DAVID and DREYTSCHOK from the Leipzig Conservatoire. The most noteworthy was the performance of the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven under Radecke's genial, sure direction,—far more successful than that monster performance of this remarkable creation some years ago in the opera house. The pianist DREYTSCHOK, from Prague, brother of the violinist, electrified by his bold as well as sure and fine playing in salon pieces. In classical works he failed sometimes by his too superficial, brilliant conception.

Prof. MARX, our greatest living theorist, has so overworked himself that he is now beginning only slowly to recover under the most careful nursing of his wife. His pupil, ZOFF, has commenced popular lectures upon musical form, which meet with lively interest; for Berlin contains a great number of passionate lovers of Symphony soirées, who until now have vainly sought an opportunity to inform themselves about the structure of the orchestral works there heard. *f.*

Music Abroad.

Paris.

(From Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune, April 9.)

The Italian Opera has given us "Il Crociato in Egitto," by Giacomo Meyerbeer, and as Mons. Fiorentino has related the history of the piece, you must let me translate the story for you:—In 1820 (the same year in which Rossini gave his opera "Edward and Christine") a handsome young German composer, who was popular in the best social circles of Venice, brought out there with very great success an opera composed by him in the style and form then at the height of fashion. The new score was entitled *Emma di Resburgo*, and soon went the rounds of Italy. It was applauded everywhere and the composer, all *Tedesco* as he was, carried *alle stelle*. But this unexpected triumph raised disagreeable echoes in Germany, and the object of it came very near being regarded in his native land as a traitor and a renegade. Musicians hid their faces. Newspapers clamored scandal. "What," said they, "is the composer of *Emma di Resburgo* the same Meyerbeer who was trained and nurtured in the purest scholastic doctrines, the same great Prussian pianist, who, when ten years old, was Hummel's and Clementi's rival; is it the austere disciple of Abbe Vogler who sacrifices to the sensual and frivolous school of melody, who abjures his undivided worship of fugue and counterpoint, who writes well for voices, the wretch! and becomes more Italian than Rossini!" This was the language of the jealous and the inimical; Meyerbeer's friends were thrown into a state of consternation. His comrades hung down their heads when they heard anybody speak of the author of *Emma di Resburgo* or of *Romilda e Costanza*. They pitied him, but they dared not defend him. None of them were wounded more cruelly by this unnatural defection than Charles Marie Weber. He could not get over it. He was at first full of sorrow, then he became excessively angry, then he became animated by a fierce desire of vengeance, and the better to exhibit the apostasy of his old fellow-pupil, he made the manager of the Dresden Opera House bring out again *The Two Caliphs*, a little comedy opera Meyerbeer composed in his nineteenth year. *The Two Caliphs* was written in strict accordance with every rule, but being as tedious as possible, *The Two Caliphs* were as powerful, so far as putting auditors to sleep was concerned, at Dresden as they had been at Vienna five or six years before. Nevertheless, the immortal author of *Der Freyschütz* and *Oberon* was in earnest; he did prefer *The Two Caliphs* (how passion blinds us all!) to all the operas Meyerbeer had written, *Emma di Resburgo* included. He had *The Two Caliphs* played, not to annoy Meyerbeer, but to allure him back within the pale of the true church. Meyerbeer was mortified to death by this resuscitation. He heard of it in the midst of his greatest successes at Milan, Turin, Rome and Naples. He would have given anything in the world to prevent the impertinent resuscitation. He was seriously angry with Weber, for having disinterred, without the least necessity, this old, thin opera which cast a shadow on

THE MAY QUEEN.

65

(A)

VIOLIN.

Cres.

Sostenuto.

ff

sempre f

Marcato. Cres.

sempre spiritoso.

tr

(B) *f sf*

The musical score is written for violin and piano. It consists of six systems of music. The first system is marked (A) and includes a violin part and a piano part with a crescendo marking. The second system continues the piano part with a sostenuto marking and fortissimo dynamics. The third system features a piano part with a sempre forte marking. The fourth system includes a violin part with marcato and crescendo markings. The fifth system features a violin part with a sempre spiritoso marking and a trill, and a piano part with fortissimo and sforzando markings, marked (B). The sixth system continues the piano part with sforzando markings.



THE MAY QUEEN.

67

No. 8. HARK! THEIR NOTES THE HAUTOBOYS SWELL!

CHORUS. f

SOPRANO. Hark! hark! hark!

ALTO. Hark! hark! hark!

TENOR. Hark! hark! hark! hark! hark!

BASSO. Hark! hark! hark! hark! hark!

ACCOMP.

Hark! their notes the haut - boys swell! Breath-ing love, and breath - ing

Hark! their notes the haut - boys swell! Breath-ing love, and breath - ing

Hark! their notes the haut - boys swell! Breath-ing love, and breath - ing

joy; Hark! their trum - pets pierce the sky, ... Lou - der than old Tri - ton's

joy; Hark! their trum - pets pierce the sky, Lou - der than old Tri - ton's

joy; Hark! their trum - pets pierce the sky, ... Lou - der than old Tri - ton's

THE MAY QUEEN.

shell, To pro-claim our La-dy nigh, To pro-claim our La-dy
 shell, To pro-claim our La-dy nigh, To pro-claim our La-dy
 shell, To pro-claim our La-dy nigh,..... To pro-claim our La-dy
 shell, To pro-claim our La-dy nigh,..... To pro-claim our La-dy

(D) *p*

nigh! And a-mid the sun-ny air, And a-long the wave se-
 nigh! And a-mid the sun-ny air, And a-long the wave se-
 nigh! And a-mid the sun-ny air, And a-long the wave se-
 nigh! And a-mid the sun-ny air, the wave se-

(D)

pp

p *Cres.*

-rene, E-cho too will have her share,.... Sing-ing, Sing-
 -rene, E-cho too will have her share,.... Sing-ing, Sing-
 -rene, E-cho, E-cho, Sing-ing, sing-ing,
 -rene,..... E-cho too will have her share,.... Sing-ing, sing-ing,

Cres. *Cres.*

his rising glory; while Weber could not pardon Meyerbeer for having quitted his primitive dryness and stiffness for the flowers, feathers, fillets and festoons of the Italian school.

Some time afterwards the two pupils of Abbé Vogler (who had not ceased to love each other,) forgetting their dissensions and discussions, fell into each other's arms. Meyerbeer had, in the meantime, been again successful—Margherita d'Anjou had been received with the greatest favor at La Scala, and as success makes men good natured and conciliatory, they never mentioned the Two Caliphs again. The return of the prodigal son was celebrated by feasts. Weber was as kind as could be to his young friend, who, as a return for all this kindness, promised to give but one more opera in Italy, (which he was under contract to give,) after which he would resume his German career and leave it no more. This we learn from a very curious letter written by Weber at this period of time. "Last Friday," says he, "I had the great pleasure of having Meyerbeer a whole day with me; didn't your ears tingle? 'Twas really a happy day, just like those happy days we spent at Mannheim. It was late at night when we parted. Meyerbeer is going to Trieste to bring out his 'Crociato.' He will return to Berlin before a twelve month expires, where he will write, perhaps, a German opera. God grant it! I appealed and appealed to his conscience!" You can imagine Weber's scruples and supplications—the assurances and promises of Meyerbeer. He set out the next day—not for Trieste—for Venice, where "Il Crociato in Egitto" was played for the first time, the 26th December, 1826. The principal parts were played by Velluti, Lablache and Mme. Méric Lalande. The opera was brilliantly successful, and the composer was not only called out, he was crowned on the stage. The following year "Il Crociato" was performed at the Paris Italian Opera. Pasta played the crusader's part, Donzelli the part of Montfort, Levasseur the part of Aladin, Mlle. Mombelli the part of Palmide. The other artists are not worth being mentioned. Who would have said that forty years after this had taken place Meyerbeer would experience the same annoyance, the same mortification, the same fears in consequence of the resurrection of "Il Crociato in Egitto," he formerly felt at the disinterment of the Two Caliphs, and that the genius and reputation of this great master would rise to such a height he would be obliged to disavow for a youthful indiscretion one of the most brilliant operas which honored in its day the Italian lyrical stage?

As soon as Meyerbeer heard of this unlucky idea, he declared that if he could not legally oppose the performance of a work whose copyright had expired, however averse he might be from its performance, he would protest with might and main against the performance; that while he would not disown his work, he would declare that before it was worthy of appearing before the eyes of the public he ought at least to retouch some pieces which have faded with age; that the public now has no taste for *characteresques* poems; and lastly, that "Il Crociato in Egitto" would be in no wise successful, and that the only profit the Italian Opera would derive from it would be to give the composer serious displeasure. The managers of the Italian Opera replied that Meyerbeer's name was an honor and a fortune for a theatre, and an irresistible attraction for the public; that the Italian opera singers regretted they were unable to appear in Paris in the operas of the illustrious *mestro* translated into their tongue, while they appeared in them everywhere else; that "Robert le Diable," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," were freely performed at La Scala, La Fenice, La Pergola, at San Carlo, but that in France these operas belonged to the theatre of the grand opera and were banished forever from the Italian opera; that "L'Etoile du Nord" and "Le Pardon de Ploërmel" are the exclusive property of the Opera Comique, but at the same time enrich the theatres of London and St. Petersburg; lastly, that the Italian Opera was tired of being the only theatre unable to place the radiant name of Meyerbeer on its bills, and that unless the celebrated composer entered into a contract to write a new opera for the Italian company, it would exercise its legal rights, and intended to make the performance of "Il Crociato in Egitto," as brilliant and as careful as it was possible, and to give the three female parts to three singers of the very foremost merit, such singers as Mesdames Borghi Mamo, Penco and Alboni. The disinterment of this defunct opera proved a signal failure; leave the dead in their graves—there are their places.

Pierre de Medicis brings excellent receipts to the Grand-Opéra; that is, I suppose, the criterion of the success of a piece. Prince Poniatowski gave the banquet the Saturday before Passion Week to the "administration" and all the principal singers and dancers of the Opéra, and a gracious remuneration

to the choristers; so you can imagine that with them the opera is popular also. Monsieur A. Royer goes on actively, however, with his design of bringing out the *Sémiramis* of Rossini, which Méry has just finished translating into French. Putting aside the great musical outline of the composer, which, of course, will be preserved, it is in many ways thrown almost into a new form—a general re-arrangement of the text and recitatives having been found necessary for the French stage. The decorations will be gorgeous. There is some talk of Méry taking the part of Assur. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of Passion Week all the imperial theatres were closed: the Italian Opera was the one exception, but it was to give the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini that the doors were opened. The Emperor and Empress had the same artists to perform it also in the chapel of the Tuilleries. Mesdames Alboni, Penco, Battu, and MM. Tamberlik, Badiali, Morini, and Manfredi, sang this great work. The parts that gave the most pleasure were the quartetto, "Quando corpus morietur," sung by Alboni, Mad. Penco, Tamberlik, and Badiali, and "Fac ut portem Christi," sung by Alboni. At the Opéra-Comique, the *Roman d'Elvire* is again being played, as Mlle. Monrose is better. *Galathée* is given on alternate nights. I told you last week of the probability of M. Carvalho giving up the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Since I wrote, all arrangements have been concluded, and M. Réty has assumed the reins of government, while M. Carvalho has gone to London with his wife. The Théâtre-Lyrique thus loses its greatest ornament in losing Mad. Carvalho.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The programme of arrangements for the seventh season, commencing the 1st of May, has been issued by the Company, and a goodly list of amusements is announced. The directors appear to have brought all their former experience of the wishes of the public to bear upon the forthcoming season. On Friday, the 4th of May, there will be a festival for the inauguration of the colossal statue of Mendelssohn, in bronze, subscribed for by the friends and admirers of the composer, and sculptured by Mr. Charles Bacon. The principal feature of the festival will consist of a performance of *Elijah*, when the band and chorus will comprise nearly 3000 performers, under the direction of M. Costa. The ceremony of unveiling the statue is to take place at six o'clock, and this will be followed by a torchlight procession. The directors have completed their arrangements for a series of opera concerts, which will take place on Fridays, the 11th of May, the 1st of June, and the 15th of June. The principal artists at Her Majesty's Theatre will perform on these occasions. A morning concert, with the programme selected from the compositions of Mr. Vincent Wallace, will take place on Saturday, the 19th of May. Arrangements for other important concerts are in progress, and will be made public as the season advances. There will also be performances by the children and members of the Tonic Sol-fa Association, on Wednesday, the 16th of May; and by the Metropolitan Schools Charity Society and the Metropolitan Charity Children, early in the same month. The Saturday concerts will be resumed in the Autumn, the same as last year. The performances of the Société des Orpheonistes, a French Choral Society, will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, the 25th, 26th, and 28th of June. The number of these Orpheonists will, it is supposed, be between 3000 and 4000, and they will be conducted by M. Delaporte, the founder of the society.—*Norello's Mus. Times.*

(From the *Musical World*, April 28.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Israel in Egypt* was performed last night, for the first time this season, the principal vocalists being Miss Parepa, Miss Fanny Rowland, Madame Sainton Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Signor Belletti.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. Piccolomini gave her second farewell performance on Saturday, when the *Traviata* was represented, and, being a subscription night, the theatre was crowded. The *Traviata* was given for the third time on Tuesday.

On Thursday, a new opera was produced, entitled *Almina*, composed by Sig. Fabio Campana, favorably known, in England, as the author of light vocal pieces for the drawing-room. Sig. Campana, too, we are informed, produced in Italy, some years ago, one or two operas, of which we know nothing. The story of *Almina* would not interest our readers if recounted in detail. Enough that the heroine loves one man and is married to another, that she is supposed to die of a broken heart, and is buried; that her lover, reported killed, returns from the wars and breaks open her tomb; that she is restored to life, and flies with her deliverer to a foreign land; that

they revisit their native country; that the husband reclaims his wife, and that the lady takes poison, and dies. There are some good dramatic situations, of which such a composer as Signor Verdi would doubtless have made good use. Signor Campana, however, is wanting in dramatic fire, which, above all other qualities, *Almina* requires. Mlle. Piccolomini was well suited in the part of Almina—being invariably earnest and passionate, and often real. The music, however, was not so suitable to her means, and her singing did not always produce its wonted effect. Signor Giuglini, as the lover, Blondello, on the other hand, sang better than ever, and carried away the vocal honors of the evening. He was encored twice, and was in finer voice than we have heard him for a long time. Signor Aldighieri sustained the part of Walter, the husband, with his customary vigor, and more than his customary judgment.

Taking applause as a criterion, the success of *Almina* was triumphant. After the first act, the principal singers were recalled, and then Signor Campana was compelled to appear, when he was not merely received with tumultuous acclamations but *fêted* with bouquets and laurel-wreaths. At the fall of the curtain, too, he was summoned to the foot-lights twice, when the demonstrations were renewed, and no doubt the composer left the theatre perfectly satisfied that his opera had achieved a great and legitimate triumph. First nights, however, are not always precedents—the *Barbiere* of Rossini is witness.

Last night *Lucrezia Borgia* was given with Mlle. Titens as Lucrezia, Madame Borghi-Mamo as Maffeo Orsini (her first appearance in the part), Signor Mongini, Gennaro (his first appearance in the part), and Signor Sebastiano Ronconi, Duke Alfonso (his first appearance in this country).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*Fidelio* was repeated on Saturday, and attracted a much larger attendance than at the first performance. Madame Cillag more than confirmed the impression she made on Thursday. The indisposition of Signor Tagliafico necessitated the omission of Pizzaro's only air. In other respects Beethoven's great masterpiece was given to perfection.

Grisi and Mario made their *reentrée* on Tuesday in *La Favorita*. Of course the theatre was crowded, the public being always desirous to hail the first appearance of these deservedly admired performers. M. Faure, too, was Alfonso XI., and lent another attraction to the performance. Grisi still maintains her place. Her upper notes may have lost some of their brilliancy, and her execution some of its fluency; but the voice still possesses the exquisite quality of old, and her style retains all its unrivalled charm. That Grisi should act still better and better, is a matter of course. In this respect, at all events, we can discover no change, unless that she has become more subtle and more finished, as indeed we were inclined to think on Tuesday evening, when she transcended her former achievements, especially in the last scene, which has never been surpassed for intensity and pathos. Mario, too, appeared to act better than ever, which *a priori* was all but an impossibility, and to sing as nobody else but he can sing, when in the vein.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The season was inaugurated on Monday. The following was the selection:—

Symphony, "The Seasons," in B minor.....	Spohr.
Song, "A quasi avventurosi infami" (Il Seraglio).....	Mozart.
Concerto, violin.....	Mendelssohn.
Scena (Der Freischütz).....	Weber.
Overture (Egmont).....	Beethoven.
Symphony, "Jupiter".....	Mozart.
Duet, "Se la vita" (Semiramide).....	Rossini.
Overture (Oberon).....	Weber.

Of the symphony of Spohr, we have more than once spoken at length. It is enough to say in this place, that it is not one of the most inspired works of the great master. The execution, considering the difficulties presented, was marvellous, and Professor Bennett and his orchestra covered themselves with honor.

The violin concerto, as performed by Herr Becker, was in many respects entitled to the very highest commendation. Exceptions, nevertheless, might be taken in several instances; the reading generally was not in strict keeping with the directions of the composer. Herr Becker, nevertheless, played so splendidly, that he was recalled at the end and received with enthusiasm.

The execution of Mozart's symphony and Beethoven's overture was inimitable in every way, both performances being received with tumultuous applause, and the overture to *Oberon* was a splendid finale.

Signor Belletti sang the superb song from Mozart's too much neglected opera with faultless taste. Mlle. Louise Michal, a Swedish *prima donna* of reputation

in her own country, gave the grand scena from *Der Freischütz* with great power and facility, but in too studied and artificial a manner to create any unusual effect.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The third concert was given on Wednesday, and was alike characterized by excellence and variety, as the following selection will show.

Overture, (*The Isles of Fingal*)..... Mendelssohn
Air, "Jours de mon enfance." (Pré aux Cleres)..... Hérold
Symphony Concertante in B flat, op. 63, two Pianofortes and Orchestra..... Dussek
Recit. "By him betrayed," M. S. Opera..... J. Benedict
Air, "Thus I am doomed,".....
Overture, (*Lurline*)..... Vincent Wallace
Sinfonia Eroica (No. 3), op. 55..... Beethoven
Duo, "Di qual città sei tu?" (L'Etoile du Nord)..... Meyerbeer
Overture, (*Gustave*)..... Auber

MR. SIMS REEVES'S BENEFIT CONCERT.—Other artists may have their special merits, some excelling in sacred, some in secular, some in dramatic music, but of Mr. Reeves it may be said with truth, that in every branch of singing he is pre-eminent. In the majestic strains of Handel, the solemn recitative, the pathetic air, the vigorous declamation, he stands unapproached; while there are many airs that he has made, as it were, his own. Who, for instance, can sing, "Call forth thy powers," "Sound an alarm," "The enemy said," "Then shall the righteous," "Comfort ye my people," "Total eclipse," like Mr. Reeves? Not to multiply instances (as we might *ad libitum*), it is sufficient to say that, as an oratorio singer, Mr. Reeves is unequalled. Nor is it alone in sacred music that his great talents are conspicuous. His dramatic performances are no less admirable—the dashing brigand in *Fra Diavolo*, the ill-fated Edgardo in *Lucia*, the love-lorn Elvino in *La Sonnambula*, Florentin in *Fidelio*, Manrico in *Travatore* (wide as the poles asunder)—all differing so largely in style, and all alike excellent in conception and execution—stamp Mr. Reeves as immeasurably the first of our English operatic artists. In the concert-room, again, he is at home with all the composers—Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, alike finding an interpreter worthy of their best inspirations; and no tenor, in our recollection, has ever done such ample justice to their compositions. It is no wonder, then, that the announcement of Mr. Sims Reeves's benefit at St. James's Hall, on Monday evening, should have attracted the largest audience that has ever been seen in that building. Had the room been double the size, it would scarcely have sufficed to accommodate the numbers who sought admission, undeterred by the wretched weather, and anxious only to be present at one of the best of the many good selections with which the Monday Popular Concerts have familiarized the public. As it was, many were the disappointed applicants turned reluctantly away from the doors. Mr. Reeves chose four pieces for the display of his genius, each a perfect gem in its way, although different in style. In the touching recitative, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephthah*, and the lovely air which follows, "Waft her angels through the skies," our eminent tenor showed himself a perfect master of the highest style of vocal music. Beethoven's "Adelaide" has lately been frequently sung by Mr. Reeves, but never more exquisitely than on this occasion, the pianoforte accompaniment being played by Miss Arabella Goddard with that delicacy and refinement in which she is unrivalled. A perfect furor of applause followed, and Mr. Reeves had twice to return and bow his acknowledgments, wisely resisting an encore. The air from *Don Giovanni*, "Dalla sua pace," afforded Mr. Reeves an opportunity of exhibiting his appreciation of Mozart; and as a further proof of his versatility, so much humor was infused into the elegant little air of Beethoven, "The stolen kiss," that an irresistible demand for its repetition ensued. It is a very long time since Mrs. Reeves has been heard in a London concert-room, and the public, not forgetful of an old favorite, accorded her a hearty welcome. Mendelssohn's "Frühlingslied," and Spohr's duet from *Jessonda*, evinced those musician-like qualities which have always characterized Mrs. Reeves's singing. Madame Sainton-Dolby also selected a song of Mendelssohn, "Night," and was warmly applauded for her highly effective and most expressive rendering of Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Shelley's words, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep" (*Cenci*).

The instrumental selection constituted a worthy companion to the vocal; Beethoven's so called "Posthumous Quartet," in F major, Op. 133, was heard for the third time at these concerts, and with increased interest, and Rossini's Quartet, in G major, No. 1, although but a bagatelle in comparison with that of the giant tone-poet, was nevertheless sufficiently interesting to warrant its introduction. The executants in each instance were Messrs. Sainton,

Goffrie, Doyle and Piatti, and both quartets were played to admiration.

One of Mozart's Sonatas in F major, for pianoforte alone, was given for the first time and when we say that this beautiful composition was performed by Miss Arabella Goddard with all her admirable taste, faultless mechanism, and incomparable expression, our readers have a guarantee that no word other than "perfect" can apply to it.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The concert on Saturday, one of unusual interest, was a "Shaksperian Selection;" why given on this occasion we have not been informed. The notion and poetry of every piece, however, was referable to the works of the great poet. The performance commenced with Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the principal singers being Miss S. Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. William Cummings, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Land, Mr. Lawler—all members of the London Glee and Madrigal Union—and a chorus under the direction of Mr. Smythson. Mendelssohn's music was followed by a miscellaneous selection, including two overtures—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*, by O. Nicolai, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, by J. Street—and comprising compositions by Sir Henry Bishop, Sir John Stevenson, Dr. Callcott, Dr. Wilson, and Stevens. The single encore of the concert was awarded to Stevens' glee, "Blow thou wintry wind," sung by Miss Wells, Miss Eyles, Mr. W. Cummings, and Mr. Lawler. The concert-room was crowded, and nearly four thousand persons were assembled in the building.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 19, 1860.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Cantata of the *May Queen*, by STERNDALE BENNETT, continued.

Wagner and his Critics.

The literary passage-at-arms between RICHARD WAGNER and BERLIOZ, which has sprung from the concerts recently given by the former in Paris, is curious, if nothing more. Berlioz, with Liszt, have been commonly regarded and quoted as the two who make up with Wagner the glorious trinity of founders and of rulers in the new world called the "Music of the Future." These were Wagner's two main stays: Liszt, his chivalrous exponent and defender; Berlioz, by instinctive sympathy of purpose and direction, working somewhat from the same principles and by the same means, but from his own original suggestion, naturally converging toward him. Exiled from Germany in '48; not permitted to bring out in person or to hear his own works, which have a certain currency in the chief German cities, scouted of course by English prejudice against everything that is new, excluded until now from France, Wagner at last is called to Paris and has an opportunity to give a taste of his productions (in a fragmentary manner) to the critical and dilettante world there, wielding the conductor's baton in his own person. Of course the feuilletons are full of it the morning after the first concert. There are all manner of critical opinions and expressions; there are plenty of ignorant admirers, who are not critics, and praise for the only reason that they like a thing; there are not a few too of admiring critics, who give him credit for genius, for originality, but find much fault, both with the music and with the theoretic principles on which he is presumed to have composed it.

But of all the men to whom Wagner must have looked with full assurance not only of a generous welcome, but even of an earnest advocacy, as to a brother hero and apostle in a common cause, Berlioz, the new school composer and

the critic, the wielder, like himself, of mighty orchestras and of the pen, was certainly the man. What then must have been his surprise, the morning after the concert, at reading in the *Journal des Debats* the singularly diplomatic criticism which we have translated in last week's paper! He is flattered, to be sure, by what is said in detail of several of his compositions; but when it comes to principles, to theoretic dogmas, to the central ideas of the whole Art-gospel of their common apostleship, for which they have labored and suffered, battling with the prejudices of a world bed-ridden by "the classics;" when it comes to the essence of the whole matter, presto! our Frenchman has doffed the friend and donned the diplomat; deals cautiously as with a foreign power; "does not quite understand;" "if it means so and so, pleads off, rejects it utterly," "lifts up his hands and swears: *Non credo!*"

Here then the "Future" has become already a kingdom divided against itself. Its chiefs and founders quarrel. One of the Three, in his public capacity of critic, declines to commit himself. Two alone are left: Wagner is great, and Franz Liszt is his prophet.

One who has heard any of the instrumental music of Berlioz cannot but note the curious fact, that in his criticism he takes Wagner to task for the very same uncouth peculiarities which abound in his own works. The "weariness" and consequent avoidance (perhaps native lack) "of melody"; the "satiety with consonant harmonies, with simple, prepared, resolved dissonances, with natural modulations"; the "ascending and descending minor sevenths, winding in and out like a knot of hissing serpents"; "middle parts forced together without harmonic or rhythmical agreement"; "modulations that make one shudder," and so on;—are we not kept on the rack by these sort of extravagances, these bold arts of effect, as much while listening to Berlioz, as while listening to Wagner? Our knowledge of them both, we own, is limited: but is not this the general impression justified by what little of the symphonic music of Berlioz has found its way into the concert rooms on this side of the ocean? The difference seems to be that Wagner is a man of genius, and Berlioz but a man of talent. Wagner has ideas, creative power, and Berlioz is but an ambitious setter forth of barren inspirations with an imposing breadth and pomp of instrumental combinations. In the one we see something like growth from within, which is characteristic of the works of all men of genius, all creative artists, old or new, classic or reformers, in the other it is a building and clothing upon from without. And yet while Wagner seems to have creative genius as compared to Berlioz, he is far, very far from having made good his claim in that respect to a place upon the same level with the great tone-poets, the Mozarts, Beethovens, &c.

But Berlioz no doubt is honest in his criticism of Wagner. It is a criticism from his own proper stand-point. Berlioz is above all the technical musician; he is great chiefly in that character. Wagner is less so; he is a man of ideas, an artist. Berlioz criticizes him grammatically, and Wagner is willing to leave the question of musical grammar to others; his work, as he conceives it, is to build up, to explain by word and example the "Art-work of the Future," in which Music shall be but one co-operative factor with

the other arts in realizing a more rich and universal Art. It must have been mortifying, with these high views, to have his "dear Berlioz" meet and judge him as a mere musician. To be regarded as a musician, must, to one of these great prophets of the "Future," seem almost as insulting, as to be called a *musikant*, or common fiddler.

After all it strikes us that the only real question was as to the musical and artistic worth, the beauty, the inspiration, the power, the significance of Wagner's music. All that Berlioz says, as to wherein he agrees and wherein he differs with the "Zukunft's" creed, or theory, is gratuitous. Probably Wagner himself would condemn all that Berlioz condemns, in the form that the latter supposes the ideas presented. And probably what is most vital to the thought of Wagner, and of all his critics, is that in which all true artists have agreed and ever must agree. The great question that we have about a composer relates not to his theory, but to his practice, to the reality and quality of his genius, to the beauty and inspiring influence of his works. We care not whether he be old school or new school; whether he follow in the beaten paths, or strike out new paths. If he have genius, if he have poetry and music in him, he will show it, whether he keep in old forms, or feel forth after new ones. The more of genius a composer has, the less will he trouble himself about forms theoretically. His genius may find the best scope, and the most convenient channels in the so-called classical and strict forms, or it may best express itself in freer modes; in either case we feel the genius, the soul that animates and moulds the form, and either form becomes poetic, beautiful, instinct with life. It is not in the power of any Berlioz, Liszt or Wagner—or even of our friend Fry—to differ more widely from "classical old-fogism" generally, than Chopin's lovely inspirations differ from the Sonatas of Beethoven or the Fugues of Bach: and yet Chopin is a welcome presence in all feasts, of music that are most classical and choice.

Musical Chit-Chat.

FERDINAND HILLER's new oratorio "Saul," is to be performed this evening, for the first time in this country, by the New York Liederkranz, conducted by Herr Paur, in the Academy of Music; the principal solos by Mme. Zimmermann, Stigelli, and others.... The Ullman-Strakosch troupe were to perform "Moses in Egypt," oratorio-wise, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening.... GAZZANIGA has returned from her wanderings and come back to the Academy, where she has sung this week in *La Traviata* and in *Don Giovanni*. Major SUSINI was to appear as the Duke in *Lucrezia Borgia* last evening, and also sing "the song of the Zouave after the battle of Solferino," one of Sig. Muzio's patriotic effusions. This afternoon "the season definitely closes" with a "grand matinee."... Maretzek's company, who were announced as to be in Philadelphia this week, are still at the Winter Garden, where Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* has succeeded to *La Juive*, with Mme. FABBRI, and a new basso, Sig. MIRANDOLA.

In Philadelphia there is eager expectation of MARETZKE, with his FABBRI, FREZZOLINI, STIGELLI and the rest. Is ULLMAN coming here, we wonder? Why can not our new-named Boston Academy give us the two companies in turn? Or is it necessary to the very existence of two Operas, that they should stay in the same place and fight each other?... The

Philadelphians have given a grand complimentary concert to Mr. CARL SENZ, who is soon to suspend his Germania Afternoon Rehearsals and make a visit to Europe. CARL HOHNSTOCK, the excellent violinist, is also turning his face the same way, and is to have a farewell concert.

Mr. S. A. BANCROFT, the organist at Dr. Kirk's church, and Mr. B. J. LANG, our accomplished young pianist, sailed in the Canada, on Wednesday, with the pleasant prospect of a five months' tour in Europe before them. They will spend a month in London, now in the height of the musical season, and will divide the remaining months between Germany, France and Switzerland. May they hear plenty of fine music, and return refreshed in body and in mind; for who needs such refreshment more than a hard-working teacher of music, and who can be musician in this country without being teacher?

Messrs SIMMONS & WILLCOX, of this city, have just finished another admirable organ, destined for the Church of St. Ignatius (Catholic) in Baltimore. It has three manuals, including a Swell down to the 8-feet C, and a Pedal organ; and has upwards of thirty stops. The case is of pure Corinthian design, to correspond with the interior of the church. For an organ of its size, its power and volume are remarkable; the full organ, with the mixtures, &c., is rich and well balanced, the diapasons round and satisfying, the imitative stops beautifully characteristic, the swell quite perfect in its operation. Opposite to this instrument in the Manufactory, as we saw it, stands another large organ, which is nearly finished, for St. Paul's Church, in Louisville, Ky., where Mr. E. W. GUNTER is the organist.

"Juvenile Operas, Cantatas," &c., seem to be more and more the fashion over the country. Such things are easily produced, and easily performed, and if they happen to have a little cleverness, are sometimes good speculations for the "professors" who compose them. The Manchester, N. H. *Mirror* speaks enthusiastically of a new one, called the "Fairy Grotto," lately written and brought out by Mr. STRATTON, of that city.

The great event next coming in New York will be the reception of the Japanese Embassy, who are to be can-connized, paraded round, palavered, feasted, danced to, sung and played to, and bored, bewildered, dazzled by all sorts of entertainment which may serve to show that this is the greatest nation on God's earth. Why not among other things give them a grand sample of the "Music of the Future"? Where are Fry, and others who compose symphonies at an hour's warning? There is our good old friend, Father Heinrich, whose brain always teems and whose heart always swells with patriotic inspirations, worldwide and generous, who has already set the glorious theme to music. He has composed, we understand, a symphony in honor of the occasion. Why are not the Committee stirring? Here is the title:

Grand Symphony in Three Parts.
For full Orchestra.
AMERICA'S WELCOME TO ASIA.
Presented through the Most Honorable Japanese Embassy,
to the
KINT-SUSAMA,
or
Celestial Lord of Japan.
PART I.
Grand Historic Overture.
Opening of the Sealed Gates
To American Commerce.
Exultation of the two Worlds, expressed by a
Grand Heroic March.
PART II.
The children of Sensio—Dai—Sin
embark on
The Ocean of Peace
for a voyage to the
Land of Washington.

PART III.
Rejoicing of Columbia.
Composed by
Anthony Philip Heinrich.

We read in German papers of two musical festivals to be held this summer on the Rhine. The first will be at Pfingst (Whitsuntide), first of June, at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller. The programme for the first day (Sunday) will be: Handel's "Samson" oratorio, and Schumann's symphony in B flat major; second day (Monday): Overture to the *Wasserträger*, by Cherubini, *Ver Sacrum*, by Hiller; seventh symphony by Beethoven. Third day: Artist's Concert, with the co-operation of Frau Bürde-Ney, Frä. Franziska Schreck, and Herren Schnorr, Stockhausen and Joachim.—The other is the fourth Middle Rhine Festival, to be held at Mayence on the 22d and 23d of July. "Israel in Egypt" (Handel), the *Walpurgisnacht* (Mendelssohn), choruses from Gluck's *Alceste*, and two choruses from Mozart and Palestrina will be performed.

W. H. FRY says, in the *Tribune*, of *La Juive*:

"*La Juive*" is one of the operas produced in Paris between 1830 and 1840, which inaugurated a new school, in so far as the plot was neither the old-fashioned draughts on Lemprière's classical dictionary touching the woes of Orpheus and Euridice, or Medea, nor yet the light-hearted pleasantries of "*La Dame Blanche*" or "*Fra Diavolo*." The peculiarities of this school are a large, well developed serious or tragic modern or medieval subject, requiring much stage display, and not content with less than four or five acts for its scope. There were several contestants for supremacy in this school. Auber in "*Masaniello*," Rossini in "*William Tell*," Halévy in "*La Juive*," and Meyerbeer in "*Robert le Diable*." Of these works, the plot of "*William Tell*" is poor, the soprano part poor; but the excellence of the tenor part, first in the hands of Nourrit, then of Duprez, added to various musical merits, made it succeed. "*Masaniello*," though not remarkable in its solos, has an excellent stirring plot, charming situations, many original popular choruses, barcaroles which have traveled round the world, and a memorable duet. "*Robert le Diable*," though not successful here, by the aid of Taglioni's dancing and some fine concerted music, especially the final duo and trio—to which may be added wonderfully fine scenic effects, and a fine idealistic poem of Good and Evil running through it, triumphed in Paris. It is not very fluent, vocally. "*La Juive*" has the advantage of a concise plot, strong situations, and excellent suggestions for stage display. The composition of this work appeared to exhaust M. Halévy, for his subsequent productions have been positive or comparative failures. When it was first brought out in Paris, Duprez was in the height of his renown, the chief tenor part being drawn to suit that vocalist. Duprez was renowned for strength and facility in the extra upper notes of his voice, and the composer, who knew his trade, and rounded off the approaches to ultimates with these sonorous inflations, could promise himself a successful scene. Halévy is not, in a proper sense, a great melodist. In *La Juive* he has some happy phrases; but we cannot point to a first rate, complete, spontaneous melody, in the whole work. Yet by a judicious knowledge of effect, aided by capital situations, he made a success in Paris of the first order. The finale to Act I. is an example of this. The vocal writing is, to the last degree, judicious and effective; and yet the melody, as a whole, will not compare with the best; but it has particular measures that are admirable and exalted. The same may be said of other portions of the opera.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER was expected daily in London, where he intends to pass the season. RONCONI had arrived there.... A grand concert will be given in May or June, in the Crystal Palace, for the benefit of Mr. W. V. WALLACE, to consist entirely of music taken from his works, vocal and instrumental.

Musical Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 14.—Presuming that you will not be at all averse to having some little account of how matters in general, but musical matters in particular, progress in this sometime-to-be-great city of the western coast. I take pen in hand to enlighten you to the best of my ability; and in commencing let me say that the arrival of the "Journal of Music" by each steamer is one of the greatest sources of pleasure derived by myself and brother, far away as we are from all that we hold dearest and best in the way of music. No, not all, for we can still have Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn and others, if we are inclined to be satisfied with what the piano can supply; for have we not TRENKLE with us?—and surely it would be unreasonable in us to expect more pleasure than we can derive by passing an evening with him. San Francisco seems not just the place for one so ill as he is, but he feels obliged

to remain here, I presume, on account of pupils, &c. I wish he would go back into the country and stay for awhile, it might invigorate him. But we hope for the best. He keeps up good spirits.

Next to Trenkle among our musicians, comes GUSTAVE A. SCOTT, who is one of the finest executors that I ever heard and an admirable musician. Besides these excellences he possesses that of being a boon good fellow, kind-hearted, and always ready to render assistance where it is needed, and without remuneration. He is a universal favorite and deservedly so, being always ready for a good time. Some rare performances take place in his room, which looks out upon Montgomery St., the Washington St. of San Francisco. The "Anvil Chorus" is frequently brought out in a style that would astonish the sober people of Boston; in fact it rather astonishes Californians, if we may judge from the crowd that invariably assembles on the opposite sidewalk during the performance. Scott has a fine grand piano, on which he executes the orchestral passages, the chorus of blacksmiths consisting of from four to eight of certain individuals, of whom your humble servant and brother form a part, armed with watering pots, tin pans, sheets of zinc, air-tight stove, coal-hods, tin pails, &c., and the way that the strikers "put in," would astonish even the Lynn mob. The effect is very grand, of course, and is properly appreciated by the crowd in the street. So much for fun; but every Monday evening a quartet of us have some pleasant glee singing, at the same place. Orchestral talent is scarce, as you may suppose when you know that TRENKLE, who proposes giving a concert soon and wishes to play a trio or quartet of Beethoven or Mozart, is prevented from so doing by the lack of a violoncellist. "Oh, if Wulf were only here!" groaned he in despair, the other evening. I echoed that wish, you may be sure. But it is too early yet for Beethoven to be appreciated here, so, I suppose we must not look for getting the "Quintette" out here at present.

We have a society gradually improving in chorus singing, that we hope will one of these days become an Oratorio society. The "Pacific Musical Society" is the name of this promising club, consisting of about fifty members, under the charge of Mr. ELLIOT, the best tenor singer and one of the best amateur musicians amongst us. Like Scott, he is always ready for a good time, particularly if music is connected. He formed the present Club some few months since, taking simple glees to commence with. The book now in use is the "Opera Chorus Book," and many of the choruses are rendered very excellently. The credit is due to Elliot, who conducts and has trained them well, and Scott, who is in this affair to help all he can and to "do the orchestra." I think, too, that the "Handel and Haydn Society" might profit by the example displayed by this little society in point of attendance. I have known three of the prominent lady members to leave company at home to attend rehearsal. That's the true spirit, is it not? I wish it were possible to get up the "Messiah" for Christmas next. We may do it yet, but oh, for Zerrahn! You will hear more of our little society hereafter.

We have recently had opera here. Opera! only think of that. LEACH, ROSALIE DURAND, GEORGIA HODSON, &c. were the opera-tors. I went one evening to hear the *Trovatore*. With difficulty I stayed through the first act and part of the second, but having endured all I could, I left and made place for others who possessed greater powers of appreciation than myself. I see by this morning's paper that we are to have LUCY ESCOTT and troupe. They will at least be an improvement on the others. Madame BISCACCIANTI is here still, but appears but seldom in public. I believe she is singing at one of the churches. A Mr. Evans is likewise here and has played at one or two concerts. How long he will re-

main is not known. He plays the fine organ at Dr. Scott's church, but though he shows ability and perfect control of the instrument, I fear that Bach or Handel would be horrified at finding that noblest of instruments treated after his manner. He loves to show it off, but he has no true appreciation of its grandeur. Trenkle is the man who should play that organ; I hope he may yet be there.

Now do not judge from what I have said, that music is scarce in Frisco. On the contrary, we are convinced each evening that nowhere in the States is it more plenty. If we go out of an evening, we hear, first, two drums and a fife playing most merrily on one side of the Plaza; on the other, the same instruments, with the addition of a couple of sax horns and a trombone will discourse on another subject, while, at a short distance, in another direction, "Bobbin' around," with "My Mary Ann" will add to the attractions, particularly when the organ which discourseth is a little wheezy. From each drinking saloon as we pass (which we always do) we catch the sound of a fiddle (not a violin) and piano, with occasionally a flute. On such occasions we cannot refrain from giving utterance to our feelings of emotion as we exclaim gratefully: "Who says we don't have music in San Francisco!" When, added to all this, I make you acquainted with the fact of our lodgings being in a Chinese neighborhood, enough has been said. No matter, it would be strange indeed if music had reached a proper standard in so young a city. One of these days you will find a different state of things.

Well, so much for gossip. I thought you might possibly feel an interest in knowing what was the condition of things here, and I have said my say. I hope the time may come when "Dwight's Journal of Music" may be looked for as eagerly by all as it now is by your very humble servant. W. H. D.

CINCINNATI, MAY 7. — During the past week, Lortzing's charming operetta, "*Der Czar und Zimmermann*," was twice given, at Pike's opera house, by the Cincinnati Maennerchor, under the direction of Prof. CHARLES BARNES. This is an entirely domestic enterprise, and as such deserved the united support and encouragement of dilettanti and philharmonists. This society has successively sung this opera at their locale, at the German theatre, and the National, with success; flattered and encouraged, they engaged the opera house. But the audience was too small to insure the permanence of the enterprise.

We cannot understand how a city can style itself Art-loving, in the face of so many failures of this kind. The sculptor's creation yellows in his studio, the painter's efforts are crowned with the dust of his atelier, and the poet-musician, finding neither pecuniary nor other recompense, sees the utter uselessness in laboring. Not the creator only, but the performer and interpreter feels the same want of encouragement; for instance, Mme. Gazzaniga, universally acknowledged to be one of the finest lyric actresses of the day, had to restrict an engagement of four nights to one.

Though the rendering of Lortzing's opera was not faultless, it was certainly fine. The ensemble pieces were the best I have ever heard, and far superior to those of the Strakosch troupe. Particularly fine were the sextet in the second, and the quartet in the third act, which merited and received an encore. The part of Mary was well sung and acted, as was also that of the Czar, and of Iwanow. The burgo-master failed in his singing, but his acting was faultless. The distinct enunciation of the words was a praiseworthy feature of the performance. I am sorry I cannot give you the names of the singers, as their modesty prevents them from giving them to publicity. On the whole the affair was an honor to the city and creditable to all engaged in it—except the ballet girls. W.

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One of the best polkas which this popular composer has ever written.

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Books.

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These studies should be in the libraries of all advanced pianists. They not only contain highly valuable matter for the technical development of the hand and fingers, but each of them is a charming piece in itself, with an original and significant motto. Some of these studies are now known everywhere, for instance, "If I were a bird," which is unsurpassed in its way.

